



Modern Honour ;

OR, THE
BARBER DUELLIST:

A COMIC OPERA

In Two ACTS;

AS IT IS NOW PERFORMING AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

SMOCK-ALLEY

Written by a GENTLEMAN of this City.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
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M,DCC,LXXV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author would consider himself wanting in Gratitude, should he omit this opportunity, of returning his sincere Thanks to his Friends, and the Public in general, for the Countenance and Support given this Piece, in the Representation.—Desirous of adding to their Satisfaction, and relying on their wonted Good-Nature, he now submits it to their perusal, humbly hoping, they will make Allowance for the incorrectness of a first Attempt, from one, whose sole Ambition was to render it a pleasing Repast to his fellow Citizens.

DEDICATION.

TO

THOMAS RYDER, Esq;

DEPUTY MASTER of the REVELS,
and Manager of the THEATRE-ROYAL,
SMOCK-ALLEY, DUBLIN.

SIR,

ALL those conversant in theatrical Affairs, since you became Manager, must have perceived with what avidity and diligence you sought the Public Esteem; you have engaged the best Performers at a Time when you had no Competitor, and reclaimed the Stage from several Enormities unheeded by your Predecessors.

EVERY Person who wishes to see our Theatre on a respectable footing should assist, or at least acknowledge, your spirited and laudable Undertakings: Accept,

A 2

therefore,

therefore, on my part this first Effort of an infant Muse.—I confess it is a Trifle, and assure you, I had little hopes of its Success but from the Consideration that every Species of Comedy has long been indebted to your Fancy and Judgment for beauties scarce thought of by the Authors.

YOUR alacrity, Sir, in bringing this Piece on the stage is a convincing Proof of your earnest desire to please: and also manifests your zeal for encouraging the Genius of the Nation.

I ASSURE you, Sir, it affords me a very particular Pleasure, that while the Town is doubtful whether to admire you most as the Actor, or the Private Gentleman, I am favoured with this Opportunity of letting you know, with how much Respect and Esteem, I am, Sir,

Your most obliged,
And most obedient,
Humble Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1775.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. OWENS.

TO rouse your gen'rous spirits into smiles,
To expose the cunning sharpers fraudulent wiles;
To stem the Passions, some weak minds have caught,
To night the BARBER on the stage is brought.

A Barber—yes, a Barber—nothing less;
You'll say he shaves perhaps—that's one good guess.
But tho' he does, before the story ends,
He's shav'd and dress'd himself to make amends.
With Combing, powd'ring, and perfuming art,
He thinks to puff with love a lady's heart:
But then a Mr. STEADY curbs his scheming,
And shews the fool that he was only dreaming.
If this y' approve, 'twill pay the Author's pain,
Whose sole ambition is to entertain.

Long time has London justly bore the sway,
Foremost to cherish either Farce or Play.
This caus'd HIBERNIAN bards, whate'er they writ
Thither to send the bantlings of their wit.

Our stripling author, fir'd with native zeal,
Scorns from his country's judgment to appeal;
Convinc'd there's none more learn'd—none more polite,
And candour ever will, with sense unite.

To you, therefore, he freely yields his cause,
Lur'd by the prospect of your kind applause.
He hopes his inexperience of the stage,
Will, when consider'd, soothe the Critic's rage:
The thought first pleas'd himself, as something new;
Now doubly happy—if it pleases you.

Besides, a first attempt your favour claims;
Thus you'll encourage new poetic themes;
For damp a Genius, strait his passion dies,
Your plaudits grant, then emulous he'll rise;
Flutter his pinions, and attempt the skies.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. STEADY,
JERRY, his Man,
JEMMY CURLPATE,
TONY TICKLE- }
CHOPS, his Man, }
KELP, a Chandler,
SHUTTLE, a Weaver,
CUTWELL, a Shop- }
keeper, }
CABBAGE, a drunken }
Taylor, }

Miss MELMONT,
LUCY her Maid,

Mr. WHEELER.
Mr. FORDE,
Mr. VANDERMERE.

Mr. PARKER.

Mr. MAHAR.
Mr. KANE.

Mr. GLENVIL.

Mr. JACKSON,

Mrs. BARRY.
Mrs. BROWN.

MODERN

MODERN HONOUR;
OR, THE
BARBER DUELLIST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Discovers a Room in STEADY's House—Enter
STEADY, follow'd by his Man.*

A I R I.

STEADY.

WHAT pleasing thoughts the senses charm,
When long sought bliss is nigh ;
What thrilling hopes my soul alarm,
To meet my fair, I fly.

II.

The sailor thus when forms surcease,
His native land in view,
With joy surveys the happy place ;
And bids his cares adieu.

Jerry. Why, Sir, you seem much rejoiced at coming to Dublin.

Steady. Yes, Jerry, how can I be otherwise, when it contains all that is dear to me.

Jerry. Well, but Sir, you ought not to be too sure of any thing : women are changeable creatures, and who knows how many new lovers your mistress

mistress may have got, during our three months absence?

Steady. Why, faith I must confess a person of Miss Melmont's beauty and accomplishments, can never be without a number of admirers,—but then I'm certain, she is far superior to that frail and inconstant disposition you speak of; besides, I've received such assurances of fidelity from her, that now 'twould be next to impiety to despair.

Jerry. I wonder, Sir, she never answered the letters you sent her from the country.

Steady. That, she never promised, from a certain delicacy which I know she possesses, in perhaps too high a degree—the assurances I speak of were before I left town.

Jerry. All this may be true, Sir. What I urge is from experience, which, with humble submission, Sir, I take to be the true way of reasoning.—I'm sure no one could get more assurances than I did from Dolly Weathercock, yet the baggage deceiv'd me after all, and ran away with Tom Dangletail your honour's old footman.

Steady. But then you know, Jerry, since I last saw her, I've got an augmentation to my fortune of five hundred a year by the death of my uncle, and am now doubly happy that I have it in my power to convince her, my love was disinterested.

Jerry. That, Sir, I must confess may do something; yet I remember you were very unwilling to go, when sent for by that same uncle.

Steady. True, loath to leave the mistress of my affections, I almost incurred his total displeasure.

Jerry. However, I think Fortune has made you a tolerable restitution for your trouble in that journey: but, pray Sir, when do you intend to visit your mistress?

Steady. Immediately; for every moment will seem an age to me, 'till I have an opportunity of telling

THE BARBER DUELLIST. 9

telling her my success, and giving her fresh assurances of my unalterable attachment.

Jerry. Well, I wish you success, Sir ; but as I told you before women are strange cattle.

A I R II.

Tho' you toil and you pain,
A fair mistress to gain ;
And tho' often she seems to approve Sir,
If one moment away,
Her affections will stray ;
And another engages her love Sir.

II.

For females you'll find,
Veer about like the wind,
Nay stare not, the practice is common ;
From the young to the old,
This maxim will hold,
What is new succeeds best with a woman.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street.*

Enter Curlpate, examining his pocket-book.

Curl. Let me see,—there's my Lady Loverout, and Lady Courtly, must be attended three times a week by myself, and four times by my boys, or journeymen.—My Lady Visit, and Miss Brittle, on the same terms ; but Mrs. Fashionable, and Lady Midnight, I must absolutely attend twice a day, or lose their custom :—then there's Miss Melmont, she, poor soul, I think, has taken such a fancy to my sweet person, 'twould be madness or something worse, to neglect keeping it up with her.—Now for my male customers :—There's Doctor Magnesia, Counsellor Fingerfee——

Enter

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O, Mr. Curlpate, I'm glad to see you. Mr. Steady and his man are just arrived from the country; I saw them pass by this morning.

Curl. Zounds! now or never is our time, lest Miss Melmont's affections for Mr. Steady shou'd again revive, and I be totally rejected.

Lucy. Or, rather, all our schemes be blasted, by her discovering how much we've deceiv'd her, in our reports of his falsehood.

Curl. Very true; but don't you think she really loves me?

Lucy. I'm sure you think so.

Curl. Not without reason, Lucy. Has she not discover'd it by many little occurrences;—as for example:—shou'd a pin fall from me at the time of dressing, she'd stoop for it herself;—I'd then ask her Ladyship's pardon;—She'd reply, it gave her pleasure to assist me.—Sometimes she'd say, she really thought we Hair-dressers earn'd our money very hardly;—I'd immediately answer in the affirmative; and from thence take an opportunity of borrowing a little money from her,—which she, poor soul would scarcely e'er refuse. (*Affectedly.*)

Lucy. I know her to be extremely good-natur'd.

Curl. Particularly to me, Lucy. But my dear girl, have you taken care to be continually praising me to her, and railing against Mr. Steady as you promised?

Lucy. That, I do every opportunity. But really, Mr. Curlpate, the task has so much difficulty in it, and so little allowed for travelling charges, that a poor waiting maid's spirits can't support it rightly.—Besides, Mr. Curlpate, my conscience, you know—conscience—

Curl. I understand you, it wants something to pacify it; but my dear, dear Mrs. Lucy, if you had conscience you wou'd not—

Lucy.

Lucy. I know, Mr. Steady was always very generous to me.

Curl. Well he might, he is not to give you five hundred pounds the day of his marriage as I am.

Lucy. O, fie, Mr. Curlpate, I thought you had more delicacy than to rebraid me, for thus aiding your favourite scheme.—You know with what reluctance I at first consented—And if I had not a very particular regard for you, it is not twice the paltry bribe of five hundred pounds, cou'd ever prevail with me.—Though you might well spare half a thousand out of ten, considering your present circumstances.

Curl. But consider, Lucy, five hundred pounds is a good round sum—five hundred pounds is—is—is five hundred pounds.—A very pretty beginning for a lady's-maid let me tell you, then, in case you and your mistress shou'd chance to part at any time, why you might commence business in the millenery way, and in a little time marry a gentleman yourself huffey.

Lucy. Ay, if I had your arrogant and scheming disposition, perhaps I might; but don't think to put me off in this manner.—I dare say, if I had stuck to Mr. Steady's interest, as I've done to yours, I shou'd this day be fingering ten or twenty guineas of his—and you know, a bird in hand, is worth two in the bush.

Curl. What an unconscionable jade it is,—however, I must now go through with it. (*Aside.*) I have but one half-guinea in the world, and that I borrowed of your mistress yesterday morning—here it is. (*Gives it reluctantly.*)

Lucy. Well, then, since you're so generous, I'll tell you how the case stands: I've back'd all your stories and lies, concerning Mr. Steady, so well, and taken such care none of his letters shou'd come to my lady's hands, that at present she appears quite off with him; my next business is to propose

12 MODERN HONOUR, OR,

propose you, and I hope, in a little time, we shall see you tack'd to her for life.

Curl. When that happens, you little rogue you, I believe you know what's to follow.

Lucy. I'm confident Mr. Curlpaté, will not be worse than his word.

Curl. O, Lucy, upon my honour.

Lucy. Enough—I must haste to keep up my mistress's suspicions against Mr. Steady.

Curl. By all means—and I shall be shortly after you, with a fresh budget of lies for the same purpose.

A I R III.

Curl. Go then, my dear Lucy, and prosper in this,
You know what I mean to bestow,
You know, &c.

Lucy. Why, faith, If I can but unite you to Miss,
Her fortune will bear it, you know, you know,
Her fortune, &c.

Curl. O, then how I'll strut, and will swagger about,
And make such an elegant show,
And make, &c.

Lucy. Then your puffs, to be sure, and your pins
you'll throw out,
And the BARBER will change to a BEAU,
a Beau,
And the Barber, &c.

Curl. Next to drums, routs and balls, and assemblies and plays,
With my sabre to frighten my foe,
With my sabre, &c.

Lucy. O, Lard! how your dusty companions will gaze
To see you bedizen'd out so,
To see you, &c.

Curl. Then I'll wear a laced coat, and I'll be a
great man,

Lucy. That's if nothing our purpose o'erthrow,

Batb. That's if nothing, &c.

Curl.

Curl. I'll ride in my chariot.

Lucy. ————— You mean if you can.

But farewell it's time we shou'd go,

But farewell, &c.

Both. But farewell it's time we should go,

But farewell, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. MISS MELMONT'S Apartments.

Miss Mel. These reports, concerning Mr. Steady's infidelity, alarm me past enduring; every day produces some new tale to his disadvantage, but his not writing to me, too plainly confirms what I hear of him.

A I R IV.

What could keep my tedious lover,

If his heart were true to me.

God of Love send home my rover,

Or from this anguish set me free.

If he be wrong'd, then I am happy,

All my doubts will soon be o'er;

Then nought shall grieve me,

Nor none deceive me,

Then we'll meet to part no more.

II.

But why pursue these foolish fancies,

Ev'ry thought his guilt proclaims;

Vain are all my hop'd for pleasures,

Flatt'ring, unsubstantial dreams.

No longer I'll indulge this weakness,

Love, no more, thy pow'r I'll own.

Henceforth disdaining,

All fond complaining,

Reason shall resume her throne.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O, Ma'am, I've just seen Mr. Curlpate, your hair-dresser, who was going to my Lady Fancysfull's, with one of the prettiest toupees I ever saw. Well, if there be a good workman in all

B

Dub-

Dublin, 'tis certainly he.—What elegance!—
What fashion!—What a taste!—

Miss Mel. What ails the girl?

Lucy. And then the manner of his dressing :
How dexterously he frizes!—Lard! Ma'am, with
what neatness he handles his machine.—I wish I
were a lady of fortune for his sake.

Miss Mel. Indeed, Lucy, you surprize me ; why
you're always praising this young man.

Lucy. No wonder, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate is an
old acquaintance ;—but if I had never seen him,
till he came to dress your Ladyship, I must have
admir'd him, he's so polite!—so complaisant!—so
genteel!—so honourable!—so handsome!—in
short, Ma'am, so accomplished, in every particular,
that—

Miss Mel. Hold, hold, Lucy, for mercy's sake,
what are you going to make of him?

Lucy. No more, Ma'am, than what he really is,
a fine gentleman.

A I R. V.

Young Jemmy is handsome, in ev'ry degree,
He's tall, he is slender, and brisk as a bee ;
He's mild and good humour'd, genteel and polite,
And form'd, I am sure, to give joy and delight.

But who can excell him in curling the hair :

But who can, &c.

He'll comb it and dress it, and roll it and press it,
And then, with what judgment, he'll stick his pin
there.

But I forgot to tell you, Ma'am, he'll be here
immediately, and he told me he had something
very particular to say concerning Mr. Steady.

Miss Mel. What's the story now, I wonder ? Why
he seems to make it his business to enquire after
Mr. Steady's affairs.

Lucy. You know, Ma'am, persons of his profes-
sion are liable to hear a deal of news—and his use-
ful, and timely intelligence, may prevent you from
throw-

THE BARBER DUELIST. 15

throwing yourself into the arms of so unworthy a person as Mr. Steady.

Miss Mel. He really is unworthy, if these reports be true : what's your opinion, Lucy ?

Lucy. I think they're very true Ma'am.

Miss Mel. You do.

Lucy. Indeed I do. O, Ma'am, since he went to the country he's become a downright Libertine !—A general lover, Ma'am.—You see he hasn't wrote a syllable to you these two months.

Miss Mel. For that reason, I am now resolv'd, if he ever visits here, his reception shall be very different from what he formerly experienc'd

Lucy. A spirited resolution, Ma'am, and what he richly deserves.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Steady to wait on you, Ma'am.

Miss Mel. What, Mr. Steady in town ! shall I see him, Lucy ?

Lucy. By no means, Ma'am ; is it after such indifferant behaviour ?

Miss Mel. Very true, but I should be glad to hear what he has to say for himself.

Lucy. I know were it my case, Ma'am, I'd affront him.

Miss Mel. Well, I can't do *that*, without seeing him.

Enter Mr. STEADY.

Steady. Pardon me, my dear Miss Melmont, for this, perhaps, ill-tim'd intrusion.—Emboldened by our former intimacy, I declin'd all ceremony.—My uncle, Madam, is dead, and has left me his whole estate, which, were it an empire, I would freely offer, with myself, at your feet—happy in such an opportunity of proving the sincerity of my love.

Miss Mel. 'Tis too late now, Sir, to apologize for your past neglect.—Where was your boasted constancy, during your three months absence ?—

If I possessed your thoughts, but a single moment,

during that interval, you'd surely have wrote to me.

Steady. You surprise me, madam.—Not write!

Miss Mel. Your neglect, Sir, in that particular, confirms my belief of other reports equally to your disadvantage.

Lucy. Right, Madam, right.

Steady. I assure you, madam, these charges are totally groundless.—If your affections are plac'd on a more deserving object, speak it at once, and scorn to upbraid me with that levity, of which, perhaps, yourself is guilty.

Miss Mel. Your insincerity, Sir, is sufficient to deter me from giving encouragement, to any of your sex.

Steady. If, then, my reputation suffers, by the tongue of slander, or malevolence, permit me to exculpate myself.

Miss Mel. I am not at leisure now, Sir, to listen to your unmeaning protestations—I'm fix't in my resolution, which is, never to see you more.

[*Exeunt Mel. and Lucy.*]

Steady. I am thunderstruck! I know not what can be the cause of this indifference.—Is it possible, that the mutual vows of constancy and love heretofore exchange'd between us, shou'd be, on her part, so suddenly forgotten; O! Love! Love! What art thou?

A I R VI.

When first on her beauties I gaz'd,
 I lov'd her, and who could do less;
 Then her virtues my passion increas'd,
 And her smiles bid me hope for success.
 Now some rival possesses her heart;
 While I must in absence repine,
 Tho', perhaps, he has greater desert,
 His esteem can't be equal to mine. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The BARBER'S shop.*

Discovers Ticklechops, and Curlpate's two boys, Cutwell, Shuttle, Kelp, and several young Bucks waiting to be dress'd.—His man and boys shaving and dressing some of them.

Shuttle. No one shall dress me, but Mr. Curlpate himself.

Kelp. Nor me either, suppose I wait till night. What the deuce can keep him so long?

Cut. Ticklechops give us a song, and by that time Mr. Curlpate may come in.

Shuttle. No, no, let's have this day's paper till we see what news from the poor Americans.

Tick. Sir, my master has'n't taken in any paper, since that little red picture was fix'd on the corners of them.

Sh. So then, he doesn't like the stamp, I suppose?

Tickle. True Sir, he is too great a patriot for that,—he swears he'd rather lose half his customers than submit to it.

Shut. Come since we can't get the papers let's have the song.

ALL—the song, the song.

Tickle. Well then if I must sing, I'll give you a verse of a song made by my master on that same Stamp-act.

A I R VII.

Farewell to amusements, farewell to all joys,
This stamp on the papers, our pleasure destroys,
E're while we were merry, had papers guilliore;
But now, they're so dear, we must buy them no more:

Before it took place, the fresh packet each day,
Would help to divert the dull hours away;
We cou'd then tell what pass'd, on each far distant shore,

But the papers are stamp'd, and we're happy no more.

[*Chorus by all*
Kelp.

Kelp. Not so badly sung of a Barber.

Shut. You couldn't sing half so well booby.

Kelp. Booby—take care how you say that again Sir.

Shut. Sir, let me tell you, a weaver is afraid of no man.

Kelp. I'll tell you what, Mr. Shuttle, if you're inclined to fight like gentlemen, stay 'till I run home for my master's pistols, and we'll step to the yard and exchange half a dozen shots. [*Going.*]

Shut. Ay, Ay, I'll fight you with you any thing.

Cut. Stay, stay, Mr. Kelp, you'd better never mind the pistols; bring a couple of candle-rods,—these are weapons you are better accustomed to, than either sword or pistol.

Shut. 'Sdeath, Sir, what do you mean?

Kelp. 'Sblud Sir, what wou'd you be at?

Cut. O not much gentlemen, I only mean to let you know, that this matter may be compromised without bloodshed—for let me tell you, no man knows the points of honour better than myself—I have been,—let me see,—at exactly forty-five duels;—in two dozen of which, I was personally engaged,—and always came off with honour and safety;—now the difference between you as it first arose from a little raillery, might be easily forgiven, without the least dishonour to either parties: indeed there are *some* cases, that will admit of no other remedy, than the sword.

Shut. I should be glad to know them, Sir.

Cut. Then you shall hear;—you keep a mistress, I suppose.

Shut. O yes Sir. [*Here all quit their seats, to hear Cutwell's harangue.*]

Cut. Then, we'll suppose; Mr. Kelp presumes to salute her in some public walk;—in that case you're to listen to no reason, but to challenge him,—fight him,—blow his brains out.

ALL. Yes, yes, that's reasonable; very reasonable.

Cut.

THE BARBER DUELLIST. 19

Cut. Or, suppose you were speaking seriously in company, and that any person present should chance to laugh—no matter whether at you or not—it is a point of honour Sir; you cannot get over, that you kill that person; or be deemed a coward.

ALL, Very right, very right.

Enter CURLPATE.

Curl. Pardon me, gentlemen, it really was not in my power to come sooner. You know my out-door customers must be attended.—Is't your turn Sir? [*To Shuttle, beginning to dress him.*]

Shut. Pray, Sir, who do you think will wait on you or your out-door customers as you call them?

Kelp. I'm surpris'd Mr. Curlpate you cou'd use us so indifferent.

Curl. Well, well, I hope I sha'n't be long troubled with any of you. (*Aside.*)

Enter CABBAGE.

Cab. What's the matter here?—Mr. Kelp is any one go—go—going to affront you?

Cut. What need you care, Sir, 'tis no affair of yours.

Cab. And pray who—who—who are you Sir? my name is Kitty Cabbage, Sir. I'm a Taylor Sir, I was passing by and hearing you talk of fighting and killing—I was afraid my friend and customer, Mr. Kelp, might be in a little scratch or so—I came in to take his part, and if you or any body here dare stir against him—I'm your man.

Cut. Begone you drunken fool, do you know whom you talk to?

Cab. Extremely well Sir, a'n't you a sort of a—kind of a—shop-boy or so.—What are you Ma'am,—am I right?

Cut. You scoundrel—you villain—I'll have immediate satisfaction. (*Drawing out his scissors*)

Cab. Stay, stay, 'till I get my sheers, oh! oh! I've left them at home, or I'd be a match for you. (*Searching his pockets.*)

Cut.

Cut. Meet me this evening in the Phoenix-park—here—let's exchange gloves.

Cab. Hang the glove have I—wo'n't shoes or stockings do?

Kelp. No, no, but hats will.

Cab. Very well—then here's mine. (*Snatching off Cutwell's hat, &c. and staggering about.*)

Cut. I won't keep your dirty hat, give me my own, but—don't neglect meeting me at your peril, I'll go, and chuse a second (*going then returning*) if you don't come, I'll horsewhip you wherever I meet you, (*going then returning*) And hark you, I'll bring the pistols myself, that you may have no excuse—and I tell you again, if you fail—I'll post you as a Coward in every Coffee-house in Dublin. [*Exit.*]

Cab. You couldn't do a Taylor a greater honour, than to post him in a Coffee-house. [*Exit.*]

Shut. Make that club a little bigger.

Curl. Why, I have just now put a whole heap of horse hair in it.

Shut. Make it bigger I say.

Curl. Will you give me leave to put this old stocking in it?

Shut. Do so, but take care it sha'n't be seen.

Curl. Never fear that, but what curls will you have to day? the paste—the barrel—the pipe—the knife—or the sausage.

Shut. O hang your paste curls, and as for the pipe or the knife, I'm not going to ride, so give me the barrel or the sausage—Ay the sausage, as I'm going to the play this evening.

Enter one of Curlpate's boys, in great haste, with a wig box on his head.

Boy. Master, master, do you see the church-wardens there below?

Curl. O, Ho! they're coming to me to be sure.

Shut. What of an holy-day?

Curl. Yes, yes, they swore they'd haunt me every holy-day, for my saucy language to them last Sunday, put by your tools and away.

(*Noise without.*)

THE BARBER DUELLIST. 21

Omnes—Dam'n you and the Church-wardens together.

[*Exeunt some with towels about them, others half-lavared, &c. &c. in the utmost confusion.*]

SCENE, V. *The Street.*

Re-enter Curlpate and Ticklechops.

Curl. I'm glad we've got rid of them, as I'm now going about better business.

Tickle. Faith, I doubt that, master, for you know, they're very good customers.

Curl. But I tell you, Ticklechops, I shall absolutely make my fortune by this day's frolic, you did not hear, perhaps, that Miss Melmont's in love with me.

Tickle. No really, Sir;—did she ever tell you so?

Curl. Tho' she never positively told me so, yet I think I may judge by her actions;—pray have not I as good a right to expect a lady of fortune, as Peter Scrape, the Fidler, or Tom Caper the Dancing-master, who figur'd off with Miss Lightfoot the other day.—Sure none of these gentry have such opportunities of securing the ladies affections, as we gentlemen of the comb.

Tickle. A mighty happy trade, truly.

Curl. In short, any thing of any enterprising genius amongst us, cou'd make more progress in a lady's heart, in the space of one week, than a gentleman lover could hope for in a year.

Tickle. But how do you intend to proceed in this affair, Master?

Curl. Why you must understand, there is a Mr. Steady, whom I consider as a rival, and you know nothing can recommend a man to his mistress's favour more than courage.

Tickle. You mean to challenge him, I suppose?

Curl. Right, and you shall be my second, but first step to Mr. Dash the School-master, he'll write the

the challenge, and you shall have the honour of delivering it.

Tickle. And what am I to get by all this, Master?

Curl. Stay 'till I am married to Miss Melmont, and you shall be my Steward.

Tickle. That's rare news, faith,—here goes then to Mr. Dash,—but where must I deliver the challenge,—I'd much rather you'd give it yourself.

Curl. I plainly see this fellow will never rise above a journeyman. (*Aside.*) When you get the challenge bring it to me, and I'll direct you to Mr. Steady's.—And do you hear,—before you return, go to Plunket-street, for the suit of lac'd cloths I wore last Sunday,—the gentleman will credit you for the hire of them, 'till I see himself.

Tickle. Yes, Sir.—Certainly, this master of mine, has taken leave of his senses. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*

Curl. Hitherto, we've been striving to wean Miss Melmont's affections from Mr. Steady, in order to gain the easier admittance for my love.—And I've just given Lucy directions, to inform her of my passion.—Now, if she be a truly heroic girl, she'll certainly like me the better for this enterprize.—But shou'd it raise her resentment against me, I must only prevail upon Lucy, to betray her to my arms by stratagem, and if once I get her under close cover, so as to make her mine, why then my fortune's made.

A I R VIII.

Some people may find fault with me,

Proceeding so unfairly;

And call it knavish policy,

To gain my point so queerly.

But such thou'd know, that what I do,

Does not deserve this blaming;

Besides, since I, with great ones vie,

I must be fond of scheming.

II.

The courtier, with his bribe in hand,

The patriot's loud oration,

The

The lawyer with his brief and band,
 Perplex with schemes the nation ;
 There's doctors too, a cheating crew,
 With more, not worth my naming ;
 Pray, look around, and 'twill be found,
 That all the world are scheming. [Exit.

SCENE. VI. *The street. Enter Jerry.*

Jerry. Well, what a damn'd deal of trouble we poor servants have, whenever our masters or mistresses take a fancy to fall in love.—I shall have a sad time on't now, till this love fit be over with my master.—Message upon message, letter upon letter, scheme upon scheme, and trouble upon trouble for poor Jerry.—Now, here must I wait, to see this baggage, Lucy ;—and all my business is only to find out what rival this is, that's putting my poor master's nose out of joint.—Faith if he'd take my advice, he'd give himself no trouble about her, but let her e'en go to the vengeance her own way.—O, here's my mark.—Mrs. Lucy, your most obedient, and very humble servant.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. So, Mr. Jerry. (*Going.*)

Jerry. O, Ho,—she wants to be coax'd, I see. (*Aside.*) You are in a great hurry, Mrs. Lucy.

Lucy. So I am, Sir, and what then ?

Jerry. Well, well, but stay a little. (*Catching hold of her.*) Perhaps you're not in so great haste as you pretend to be.

Lucy. What do you want with me ?

Jerry. Not much.—Only just to let you know, you've made poor Jerry the unhappiest fellow living ; your beauty, and your shape, and your carriage, and your air, and your eyes, and your lips, and in short, every thing about you, have so bewitch'd, and bewilder'd me, that I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor walk, nor sit, nor lye, nor—

Lucy.

Lucy. You lie, you booby, I think you can lie fast enough.

Jerry. Nay, don't frown upon me, charming Lucy, for every frown from that adorable face of yours, makes my blood jump, and my bones shake, and my brain reel about—just—like—like—like—the head of a wheel-barrow, or the flyer of a jack.

Lucy. O Lard! why he'll surely die for me, but I won't give him any encouragement yet a bit. (*Aside.*) Indeed, Mr. Jerry, I'm very much surprised at this talk, and I'd have you to know, Sir, I don't like it.—To be sure one can't blame another for loving them. (*Aside.*) But I tell you again, I don't like it, I do'nt, indeed, Mr. Jerry. (*Conceitedly.*)

Jerry. O, I shall have her by and by, and then for my Master's business. (*Aside.*) But my dear Mistress Lucy, if you don't smile upon me directly, I'll go home this instant and cut my throat with one of the carving knives, or throw myself head-long into the kitchen fire. (*Offering to go.*)

Lucy. Stay, stay, Mr. Jerry.—O la! what shall I do? I'm afraid 'twill be a sin upon my conscience, if I let you kill yourself on my account.

Jerry. Yes, that it will; and the most unpardonable of sins too.—And then my ghost shall haunt you every night.

Lucy. O, frightful!—Well, then, I'll tell you what, you must neither cut your throat, nor burn yourself either, 'till you see me again.

Jerry. And when will that be?

Lucy. Perhaps to-morrow.

Jerry. O, Lord! I shall think it a thousand years 'till then, but since you'll give me no other satisfaction, I must e'en be content; tho' I'm afraid I can't have power to keep the knife from my throat for all that.

Lucy. Well, but you must be satisfied. (*Going.*)

Jerry. But, Lucy,—now that we have settled our own matters, tell me what do you think of this love affair,

affair, between my Master and your Lady?—You need not be shy to answer me.—How came she to reject that letter I brought here a bit ago.—You know, you may trust me with any thing.—I suppose there's some new lover in the case?—Come, come, make me your confidante.—Who is he? What's his name?

Lucy. Upon my word, Mr. Jerry, you are very inquisitive; I suppose, it was in order to know that, you kept me all this while; and if it was, I must tell you, you are a very unworthy fellow, *that* you are.

Jerry. But, my dear Lucy—

Lucy. Let me alone, Sirrah, now I perceive what you'd be at, with your love, and your beauty, and your cutting of throats.—But I'd have you to know, that I'm not to be made game of by you; and you may tell your master, that my lady hates, and despises him, as much as I do his prattle-box of a servant.

A I R IX.

Lucy. Come no more to this house, with your tricks and your letters,

For, Sirrah, my Lady and I are your betters.

Jerry. If you are, by faith, it is more than I know.

Lucy. And for you, if you ever speak to me, I swear,

Your eyes from your head, I will certainly tear.

Jerry. Then, since you and your mistrefs are grown so uncivil,

Both one and the other may—go to the Devil,

My master and I will get better elsewhere.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter Mr. STEADY, reading the challenge, followed by his Man.

SIR,

Understanding that you have been so preposterous and audacious, as not only to attempt, but actually to pay, your addresses, to Miss Melmont, in order to supplant me in her good graces. And as I conceive the same to militate strongly against my honour; this is to inform you, that you must immediately expunge her fair image from your ambitious breast; or, in other words, resign her, which if you refuse to do, I desire to meet you in half an hour hence, at the Phoenix-park; there to try our title in bloody combat, as becomes gentlemen.

JAMES CURLPATE.

P. S. I shall depend on you to bring the pistols.

Do you know this Curlpate, Jerry, who sent the challenge?

Jerry. Yes, Sir, I know Jemmy Curlpate the Hair-dresser, 'twas his man Ticklechops brought it.

Steady. I suppose then, this Barber, is Miss Melmont's favourite, and consequently the cause of all my disquietude.

Jerry. Nothing more likely, Sir.

Steady. Well, I'm determined to punish his insolence first, then upbraid the ungrateful girl with her levity, and so take my leave for ever.

Jerry. Better and better, Sir, but don't you think it beneath you to meet this Barber with sword and pistol?

Steady. Tho' I shall bring both, yet I don't imagine I shall use them. Be it your business to provide a couple of good horsewhips, and leave the rest to me.

Jer. Let me alone for that, Sir, I'll warrant you.

A I R X.

Your pistols I'll prepare, Sir,
I'll prime and load them fair, Sir,

And

And will attend you there, Sir,
 With horsewhips two or three.
 Adzooks how 'twill surprize him,
 Ay, faith, and sadly rise him,
 To find how we'll chastise him,
 For his knight errantry.

II.

At ev'ry hearty stroke, Sir,
 We'll make his shoulders smoke Sir,
 'Twill be a curious joke, Sir,
 His dismal plight to see.
 Then, when we've thresh'd him well, Sir,
 We'll to his mistress tell, Sir,
 What ills her swain besel, Sir,
 In this sad tragedy.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Park.*

*Enter CURLFATE, foppishly dressed, followed by
 TICKLECHOPS.*

Curl. Do you think, will he take me for a Barber now, Tony?

Tickle. Faith, I believe not, Master; I know, I've brush'd my coat almost thread-bare on the occasion.—And yet, if you'd take my advice, you'd return back, before it be too late, as I don't half like this business.

Curl. Never fear me, Tony; ten to one if Mr. Steady comes at all; and if he stays one minute, nay, one second, beyond the time appointed, I'll immediately run to Miss Melmont's, and acquaint her of my courage, and my rival's cowardice.

Tickle. What if he comes?—Are you resolved to fight him?

Curl. Why faith,—I'd rather not.—However, I'll go as far as I can with it, and if the worst comes to the worst—you know I've a good pair of heels.

Tickle. Egad, I think the thoughts of the pistols ought to frighten any body.

Curl. Faith, here he comes. [Looking out confusedly.]

Enter STEADY and JERRY.

Tickle. Come, shall we run away now, Master?

Curl. Not yet a bit; may be, he may beg pardon or resign her.

Steady. Was it you, friend, who sent me this challenge?

Tickle. Say no.

Curl. Sir.

Steady. Was it you sent this challenge, I say?

Curl. Challenge—I—I—I—may be I did Sir.

Steady. Pray, Sir, what pretensions have you to Miss Melmont?

Curl. Pretensions, Sir,—why—why that I'm not to tell you, Sir.—Hem—but be them what they may—I—I—I'll defend them.

Steady. O, very well, Sir.

Tickle. Ask him, if he be willing to beg pardon.

Curl. Stay, stay, man.—Pray, Sir, are you satisfied to resign the lady, and ask pardon for what's past?

Steady. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Tickle. Come, come, Master, now for your heels.

Curl. Not yet, Tony, we may humble him by and by.

Steady. Come, Sir, what are you about?—Let's strip and to it.

Curl. Strip, Sir,—I never heard of such a practice in duelling.

Steady. But I tell you, Sir, it's very proper, to shew that neither parties have any conceal'd defence.

Tickle. Ask him, will he box you, if you strip.—I'm sure you don't forget—(*squaring his elbows.*)

Curl. Will you box me if I do?—For as I'm a man of honour—

Jerry. Say you will, Sir, or he won't strip.

Steady. I will, Sir.

Curl. Then have at you.

[*Here Curlpate strips, and gives his cloths to Ticklechops, and at the same time Jerry steals over to the Barber's side of the stage.*

Tickle.

THE BARBER DUELLIST. 29

Tickle. Faith, Master, I think you're carrying the joke a little too far.

Curl. A little farther, and I'm gone, indeed.

Steady. Now, Sir, I'm ready for you. (*drawing out the pistols.*)

Tickle. and *Curl.* O, murder! murder!

[*Curlpate then attempting to escape, is tript up by Jerry, who horsewhips him.—He then springs up, runs to the upper part of the stage, and exit, Jerry still pursuing.*]

Steady. Ha! ha! ha!—This, indeed, may be call'd, *Modern Honour, or, the Barber Duellist.*—Well, I hope, since Barbers have caught the spirit of duelling, all real gentlemen will despise it in future.

Re-enter JERRY.

Jerry. Egad, I think I have flogg'd him to some purpose, master.—His man, poor devil, fell in a ditch there below; I gave him a sample of the whip too, as I past him.

Steady. You've done your business very well, Jerry, I must now to Miss Melmont's, as I purpos'd, and take my final leave.

A I R XI.

How divine did my charmer appear,
While I thought, that like me, she was true;
All my blisses were center'd in her,
And my love from encouragement grew.
But, alas! since I'm destin'd to find,
That no longer my flame she'll approve,
I must strive to erase from my mind,
All those charms which inspir'd my love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Miss MELMONT'S Apartments.*

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. I think it now high time to try how my mistress's pulse beats in respect to Mr. Curlpate—for tho' I have strove to unhinge her affections as to Mr. Steady, yet I can't be persuaded she likes the Barber.—Now, should this be the case, all my labour has been in vain; however, as there's no time

to be lost, I'll about it directly—But in all affairs of this nature prudence is very necessary.

A I R XII.

Those who would gain, a secret gain,
Shou'd mark their time with care ;
Then onward press, with eagerness,
Nor lies nor flatt'ry spare.
So 'till I find, how she's inclin'd,
With caution I'll proceed,
Thus if I can, obtain my plan,
The day's my own indeed.

But here comes Curlpate, and if I mistake not he looks shockingly terrified.

Enter CURLPATE.

O, bless me, Mr. Curlpate, you look vastly alter'd !

Curl. No wonder, my dear girl, the day is excessive sultry ; and then, what with driving amongst my customers—O, I believe, I shall absolutely kill myself, that will be the end of me !—*[then eagerly, and with a faltering voice]* Well—Well—I—hope you've prepar'd Miss Melmont : Is she ready to come off with me now ?—If not, I'm ruin'd—and undone for ever.

Lucy. Your brain is certainly turn'd—sure you've no business to speak a syllable of your love, till I prepare her for it.

Curl. What ! ha'n't you told her of it yet :—Oh, you've neglected this matter too long ; 'sdeath, girl, I am all fire and tow.

Lucy. Will you have a little patience ? Will you hear me ?—I was just going to try what could be done for you.—You know 'tis my own interest—but don't imagine that an affair of this nature can be brought about so suddenly, particularly when there's a fortune in the way.

Curl. Ay, Mrs. Lucy, the fortune—but what's my fortune ! *[sobbing]* Mine is—a—a—a—hard, hard fortune.

[bursting into tears]

Lucy. Mr. Curlpate, for shame, if you've no regard for yourself, for mercy's sake, have some pity
on

on me ; don't rant in this outrageous manner, my lady, tho' above stairs, will hear you, and then we shall both be undone.

Curl. Yes that I believe we shall.

Lucy. Why this is wonderful ! sure love has made a fool of him—his tears,—the fault'ring of his voice——and that excessive trembling of his joints—are all sure and infallible signs of that passion. [*aside*] Don't be cast down, man, you are not the first who had the hard fortune to meet with a powerful rival.

Curl. Powerful rival ! ay, the villain ! too powerful for me.

Lucy. Villain !—O fie, Mr. Curlpate—I always found Mr. Steady a friendly, good-natured gentleman.

Curl. Yes, yes, devilish good-natur'd, devilish good-natur'd ; my shoulders can testify how damn'd good natur'd he is—tho' I can't tell whether it be he or his man, that's so cursed good-natur'd ; but I know who feels smart for it [*Aside.*] [*Bell rings,*

Lucy. What shall I do with you ?—My mistress calls—I must begone—your noise has alarm'd her.

Curl. Can't I get down the back stairs.

Lucy. By no means.—let me advise you to conceal yourself in this closet, where you can easily overhear us, and be yourself a witness of my earnestness in your behalf.

Curl. Well, do what you please with me.

[*Lucy conducts him to the closet.*

Enter Miss MELMONT.

Miss Mel. What noise was that I heard just now ? the voice of a man, and seemingly in distress.

Lucy. O, Ma'am,—'twas—'twas only our man Thomas playing with the young kitten, and you know Ma'am his laughing is so very like other people's crying, that at a little distance, no person living cou'd distinguish the difference.

Miss Mel. They told me Curlpate was in the house.

Lucy. Yes, yes, Ma'am Mr. Curlpate was here too, in search of a very valuable bundle he lost
this

this morning.—Nothing less, Ma'am, than—one large pot of bears grease—two bottles of Eau de Luce—five papers of scented rice-powder—two hundred of hair pins, and his pip—pip—pip pinching irons.

Miss Mel. I'm apprehensive these are only his excuses in order to have the better opportunity of addressing you.

Lucy. Upon my word, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate is of too aspiring a disposition, to think of so poor a girl as I am. Mr. Curlpate, Ma'am, has refused many ladies of fortune, purely because he cou'dn't love them, and I've heard him often declare he'd scorn to give his hand where he cou'dn't fix his heart.

Miss Mel. So, so,—then it seems you've convers'd with him, on that subject.

Lucy. No, really, Ma'am, not I—I just recollect to've heard him say so, somewhere or other, and I thought it such a noble and generous saying that I remember it ever since.

Miss Mel. I am now sorry, Lucy, that I returned Mr. Steady's letter unopen'd—perhaps it contain'd something of moment.

Lucy. I don't know any thing it cou'd contain, except some upbraidings for your late cool reception of him.

Miss Mel. I would have open'd it but for you.

Lucy. I wish, Ma'am, you cou'd drop all thoughts of him, and turn your eyes on some more deserving object—I shou'd imagine, Ma'am, Mr. Curlpate wou'd make a very good husband; you know, Ma'am, poverty is no crime.—Mr. Curlpate is of an excellent family, and as he is a handsome, genteel fellow, in my opinion, ought to be prefer'd before—

Miss Mel. You surprise me Lucy—think of a Hair-dresser for a husband—pray what part of my conduct has ever been so unguarded as to give foundation for such insinuations?

Lucy. Pardon me, Ma'am, I meant no more than just to observe—that many ladies of fortune have
con-

condescended to marry young fellows in as low circumstances as Mr. Curlpate, without being possessed of half his accomplishments.

Miss Mel. I now perceive Lucy, your partiality to this Curlpate, and your dissingenuity towards Mr. Steady.

Lucy, I assure you Ma'am.—

Miss Mel. No more,—your whisperings and collusions with my under servants—and the weak and embarrassed manner by which you endeavour to excuse your conduct, all convince me of your perfidy—I'm therefore, firmly persuaded, what you so industriously propagated to Mr. Steady's disadvantage; is entirely without foundation.—Alas! poor Steady—how you've been abus'd and misrepresented.

A I R XIII.

Why shou'd souls by Love cemented,
Thus with ev'ry breath be cross'd;
Faithful Love, is still tormented,
Still on seas of trouble toils'd.
Every tongue and every heart,
Strive the gentle pair to part;
Why shou'd souls, &c.

Enter Mr. STEADY.

Steady. I have at length, Madam, discovered the cause of your late indifference—this challenge has unravelled the whole secret.

Miss Mel. A challenge Sir. (*takes it and reads*)

Steady. Yes, Madam, a challenge—I suppose you're not unacquainted with the hand—it came from your favourite.

Miss Mel. my favourite—I don't understand you Sir.

Steady. No matter—so it wasn't enough to break off your engagements with me—but you must encourage your new lover to attempt my life,—the pitiful fellow wanted courage; and I believe has smarted sufficiently for his arrogance.

Miss Mel. Lucy, I am now confident you must be
privy

privy to these proceedings—forgive me, Mr. Steady, what is past; and believe me——

Steady. The fellow is now in your house Madam;—so wishing you all imaginable felicity with your new conquest,—I bid you farewell, for ever.

Miss Mel. Astonishing! the fellow in my house!—come Lucy, confess all you know of this affair, or quit my service this instant.

Lucy. My heart condemns me for my perfidy. (*Aside*) Dear Sir, stay, and hear my mistress a few words, she is innocent, indeed she is.

Steady. For what shou'd I stay? she who has once deceiv'd will make no scruple of practising it again.

Lucy. (holding him) 'Tis I only am to blame; my mistress 'till now was ignorant of the Barber's being in the house, as well as of the rest of his proceedings—the villain, on the promise of a large bribe, prevail'd with me, to intercept your letters from the country; the better to confirm his own inventions, for which I am now heartily sorry—and as a proof of my sincere repentance, I will this moment deliver him into your hands—here Thomas.

Enter Thomas, who goes with Lucy to the back scene.

Lucy (To Curlpate) Come Sir, no struggling now, its all in vain.

Curl. O! Lucy! Lucy! I shall certainly be murder'd!

Steady. What's this I hear of you, friend, what account can you give of yourself, for all your villainy?

Curl. Lord, Sir, don't ask me; I don't know what to say.

Steady. Then you shall go to jail. Call a Constable.

Curl. O! dear, dear, Sir! forgive me this time, and I'll tell you all I can about it.

Steady. Be brief then.

Curl. Well then Sir, you must understand it was ambition,

ambition, a very common distemper amongst gentlemen of my profession, that first made me aspire to the lady; and tho' I can't say, she ever gave me any encouragement, yet I had hopes of gaining her, one time or other, by means fair, or foul; and therefore stop'd at no villainy which I thought might forward my design.

Steady. All this is no excuse;—bring a Constable I say.

Curl. O! dear, dear, Sir!—don't send me to jail—for if you do, I shall certainly starve there—O! pray pardon me, Sir! and I promise you to quit the kingdom immediately.

Steady. (*To Miss Melmont*) I hope, Madam, you are now convinc'd of my innocence in every respect.

Miss Mel. I am perfectly satisfied—and hope you've no longer any doubt of mine.

Steady. None, none, my Love—all doubts are now clear'd up—and nothing wanting to compleat my felicity, but the fulfilling of those engagements by which we both were bound.

Miss Mel. I shou'd consider myself as the most ungrateful of women, were I any longer to remain obdurate to your solicitations.

A I R XIV.

Steady. Tho' with mists and with clouds oft the morning's o'er-cast,

Yet at noon gaudy Phæbus may send forth his Rays:

Mel. So our Troubles, our Doubts, and Disquietudes past, [Days.

Will serve still to brighten the rest of our

Steady. Since Fortune indulgent, thus crowns all my Wishes,

Mel. For ever I swear I'll be faithful to thee.

Steady. Then come to my Arms, secure from all Harms,

Both. The happiest Mortals on Earth we shall be.

Curl.

Curl. They're all dev'lish merry here—I wish I was far enough—sure I've reason to curse the day I first thought of courting a lady of fortune.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The Constable Sir, is below.

Steady. Dismiss him—this fellow has suffered sufficiently for his presumption.

Curl. [*Kneeling*] Sir, on my knees I thank you for this goodness—I shall never forget your generosity, and if the prayers of such a wretch as I am, can be of service to you—believe me, I heartily wish you both success.

Steady. Enough—rise friend—at present, let mirth employ all our thoughts—and every disagreeable reflection be sunk in oblivion.

Miss Mel. Be it so.

A I R XV.

Miss Mel. Ye sprightly young Belles, let it no more be said, [*tray'd*;

You're by Barbers, or Fiddlers, or Dancers be—
Tho' kind, and good-natur'd, be prudent and
wise, [*guise.*

And keep at due distance, these knaves in dis-

Lucy. Ye girls in my station; take warning by me,
Ne'er meddle with matters above your degree.

Still think, by what means, I had near lost my
place,

And be just in your actions, for fear of disgrace.

Curl. Ye knaves, who, in scheming and sharpening
delight,

For sake your past folly, in wisdom unite;

Ye seekers of wealth, take an equal to wife:

So make yourselves happy, in wedlock, for life.

Steady. But hold—there is one thing, we'd yet wish
to gain, [*are vain*;

Without which, all our hopes of true pleasure
It is that approbation, our auditors give,

As a proof that our labours, well pleas'd they
receive.

T H E E N D.

